PS 3539
.H18 M6
1897
Copy 1

DEC 28 1897
65622 c

MORNING GLORY

Miss WILDIE THAYER
Lowell Mass

RECEIVED
JAN 23 1898
Clerk of Court

MORNING GLORY △ △ △

BY △△△ WILDIE THAYER

PRESS OF
THE MORNING STAR
437 SHAWMUT AVENUE
BOSTON MASS.

COPYRIGHT, 1897.
BY
WILDIE THAYER.

693

To the Reader.

Songs of sunrise break the stillness,
  Banish dreams of night,
Be like dainty morning-glory,
  Humble in the light.

Contents.

	PAGE,
The Dream-ship	7
To-day	9
An Emblem	9
Prayer	9
Aurora	10
The Sun	11
Possession	12
Light	14
Dewdrops	15

The Dream-ship.

Restfully glided the dream-ship
On the ocean of mystery deep,
Set sail, and silently floated
O'er the quiet, black waters of sleep.

Its dark sails were jeweled with starlight,
Were widely and brightly unfurled;
While the waves of the Lethe-dark waters
Were murmuring rest to the world.

Some knew not the vessel was passing,
But dreamlessly rested and slept;
And some heard the lull of the waters,
And wakefully listened and wept.

But some caught the dreams as they floated;
One dreamed that an angel was near,
One entered the portals of heaven,
And soul-thrilling music could hear.

Another was carried in spirit
To all that ambition could give,
Another was greeted by dear ones,
Who only in dreamland could live.

But some saw only the furies,
And dreamed of the terrors of hell,
Not even the heavenly sunlight
These horrible dreams could dispel.

Still on passed the dream-laden vessel,
And scattered abroad its supply;
Some welcomed the visions it wafted,
Some shuddered to see them pass by.

Night paled, the ship moved more faintly,
Yet smoothly it passed o'er the deep,
The moon bathed its face in the sunlight,
And rested ones wakened from sleep.

Sunlit waters surrounded the dream-ship,
Its star-spangled sails were withdrawn,
And, hoisting the sails of the sunrise,
'Twas lost in the harbor of dawn.

To-day.

Hail! beautiful princess of dawning,
  Your head is quite lofty and high,
For now is your life in its morning,
  But, princess—at sunset you die.

An Emblem.

The deep and endless beauty
  Of the pure blue sky above
Is an emblem ever present
  Of the Saviour's love.

Prayer.

Glorious heaven is before you,
  Banish, then, all earthly care;
Angels are rejoicing o'er you,
  Enter through the gate of prayer.

Aurora.

She comes from her shadowy chamber,
  Robed in the crimson of morn ;
Down from her palace in heaven,
  Aurora, goddess of dawn.

Bright is the way which she travels,
  Hastily cloud-gates unfold ;
Her robe scatters dust as she journeys,
  The dust is the brightest of gold.

Fair is this goddess of morning,
  Brilliantly, dazzlingly fair ;
Her eyes eclipse the bright starlight,
  Dew-diamonds gleam in her hair.

The flowers breathe a welcoming fragrance,
  The birds sing their happiest song,
Everything sends forth a greeting
  As Aurora passes along.

Even Sol, who was hiding in darkness,
  Comes from his dungeon of night,
And smiles on the beautiful goddess,
  Till all the world trembles with light.

The Sun.

The glorious sun with splendor
  The ocean vast can fill;
Within the lake, the river,
  It is reflected still;
And yet its light is gleaming
  Within the dewdrop small.
Sea, river, lake, and dewdrop,
  It glorifies them all.

Possession.

It is morning ; I can see a
  Carpet of the richest green,
On which brilliant diamonds glisten
  With a clear and dewy sheen.
I see cups of flowers, in whose depths
  Is a perfume rare, divine—
Carpet, diamonds, flowers, and perfume
  All belong to me, are mine.

It is noonday ; all around me
  Falls a shower of purest gold,
Gleaming o'er the world resplendent—
  It is mine, this wealth untold.
Birds are singing with sweet music,
  Which my soul within me lifts,
And I cry, "O heavenly Father,
  Make me grateful for thy gifts."

It is twilight ; through the silence
Comes a whispered vesper sweet :
" All the silver shower around thee,
All the jewels at thy feet,
All the perfect pictures yonder,
Everything which thou canst see,
All the wealth thy soul inhaleth
To enjoy, belong to thee."

It is night ; still sounds the vesper
" Look above, and happy be,
For those starry gems of beauty
Shining there belong to thee ;
Heaven itself is thine for asking,
Cease to sorrow or repine,
Glories fill the air around thee,
And this countless wealth is thine

Light.

Light is unseen by you, though 'tis the means
By which you see, by which all things are seen ;
And could you see the light by which you see
You'd heaven behold, for heaven is in the light.
Light though unseen is real ; it teaches us
Reality of things unseen.

Stand firm, erect, and face the light ; this
way
Now look, behind you is your shadow
thrown.
Then when you see earth's shadows ne'er
forget
They're formed by light, the glorious light
unseen.
But shadows are unreal and powerless.
Now stand directly underneath the light,
The shadow now is lost, o'erwhelmed by
light,
So lose thyself within the light of God.

Dewdrops.

Angels 'round the throne of light
Are clothed in robes of spotless white.
Interwoven their garments through,
Glisten rare diamonds, pure of hue,
Which fall to earth as drops of dew.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 395 355 2